

Relapse by Catxtopia

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Genre: Anxiety, Established Relationship, M/M, The Upside Down, Will's freaking out, pre S2

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Characters: Richie Tozier, Will Byers

Relationships: Will Byers/Richie Tozier

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Summary:

The line rang once, twice, before a cheery voice greeted him. “ello! Tozier residence.”

Relapse

Author's Note:

I haven't written anything in 2 years, this could suck who knows??

You can send me prompts if you want (@catxtopia on tumblr), I am kinda thinking about trying to write more v(o-o)v

I was inspired by the sentence prompt: "Can you please come and get me?"

-Takes place probably a few months before s2.

-Richie has been in town a while already, and ryers is already happily established

With shaky fingers Will plucked several coins from his coat pocket, depositing them atop a small ledge attached to the payphone he currently huddled in. The silver bits clattered in all directions, each twirling and landing with a resound *clink* against the table. Will shoved the change left and right until he had the amount he needed, and then began feeding them into the coin slot. It took several tries before he had them all slipped inside the machine. Once he was granted access, the young Byers yanked the receiver off the clip and started steadily pushing an order of numbers he'd engraved into his mind over the years.

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A small, uneasy smile tugged at Will's lips as he listened to his boyfriends distorted British accent. He clutched the receiver with both hands, pressing his face closer to the speaker. "R-Richie?" He breathed more so out of relief than needing actual verification that it was indeed Richie speaking.

There was a pause on the other end, than a confused: "Will?"

"Y-yeah it's me."

“Hey, what’s up? What’s wrong? Are you ok?” Richie spit off in rapid fire. The concern in his voice was practically dripping through the phone.

Will looked up at the cracked glass above his head, blinking back tears. Those were some fully loaded questions. He took a sharp breath in, held it for a moment, then let it out in the most pathetic excuse for a calming exhale he’d ever heard. His lung quivered under the rush of air. “I don’t know where I am.” He whispered through his uneven breathing. “R-Richie I don’t know- it’s happening again and I don’t know how to get home.”

“Will. Will, listen to me.” Richie said in probably the most serious voice Will had ever heard him use. “Everything is going to be ok, I am going to come get you. You just need to tell me what you remember. What were you doing before? Who were you with, where were you?”

Will sniffed and tore his eyes away from the dark sky littered with red lighting, peeking down at him from the skylight above. He closed his eyes, feeling the moisture of unshed tears speckle his cheeks. What had he been doing? He’d been... “Playing Dig Dug.”

“Okay, good. That’s good, love. So you were at the arcade?” There was slight shuffling from the other end, followed by the sound of keys jingling.

“I- yeah I think so. I was with the guys but they left early and I- I thought I’d be fine on my own.” A loud rumble of thunder shook the small phone booth. Will tensed, his shoulders as tight as a metal rode. He kept his eyes closed, brows furrowed, and head crouched in towards the phone. Towards Richie’s calm voice.

It’d been so long since he had one of these episodes. He’d been doing so good. Two months with not a single sign of the Upside Down had Will assured that it was over. That he’d finally be able to live a normal life without any residual after effects still clinging to him. Guess that thought could be pitched now.

The first time Will realized he could get in touch with the right side of the world, it had been on a whim. He was so frustrated and scared

that when he saw a phone lying perfectly in tacked on a store counter, he just dove for it. Habit had him dialing a number and before he even realized what he was doing - that there was no way this would work - the other end of the line had picked up.

Lucas speculated it had to do with the fact Will wasn't actually leaving the physical plane at all. He was still present, moving in the real world and interacting with real things. Phones worked only because Will's body was using the phone in the real world while his mind imagined a different surrounding.

After discovering this, Will would always try finding the nearest means of communication in hopes a friend could find him and wake him from his episode.

"Willow Tree- my love, I am going to come get you." Richie's voice brought Will back in a snap. He nodded despite Richie not being able to see him. "I gotta hang up now, but I'll be there in just a minute. Hang on just a little longer, you'll be wrapped in my arms before you even know it, I promise."

"Okay, Rich." Will hated this part but he knew hanging up had to happen eventually. He scrubbed his wet cheeks and willed himself to calm down. Richie would be there soon. "I'll see you soon. I-I love you."

"I love you too, beautiful." Richie hummed in his sweetest tone. "Be there soon."

And with that the line went dead.